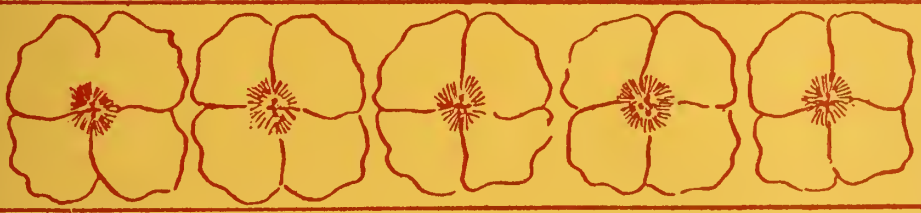
The Wilmerding Life

October, '09



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of

THE WILMERDING LIFE

OCTOBER, '09

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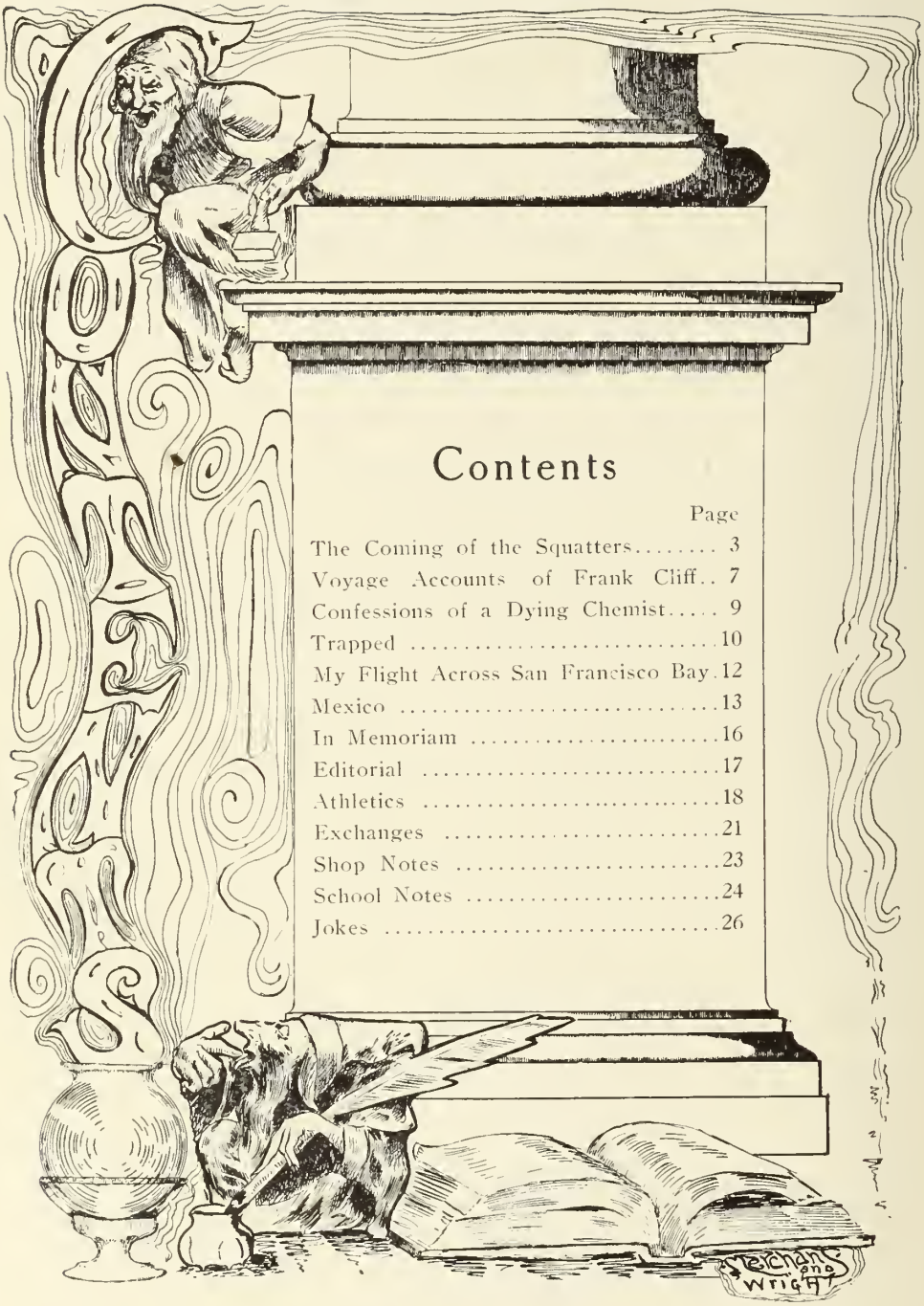

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The Wilmerding Life

VOL. VII OCTOBER, 1909 NO. 1.

The Coming of the Squatters

In the small valley of the Warsee river nestled the village of Santa Miguel. The village was inhabited mostly by Indians with a few scattered Mexicans, who were the servants of Dona Jose, the owner of the Rancho Jose, whose broad acres stretched from the low rolling hills of the Sierra Madre to the smooth, even beach of the Pacific, and from the bank of the Warsee to the Willow creek. All this land was given to Don Jose by Spain as a reward for his bravery and the service he had done his country.

A few miles above Santa Miguel, on a branch of the Warsee, stood the home of the Dona. The small river or branch was named Deer river, the Dona having named it herself because in summer time its smooth running waters reminded her of the graceful doe, while in winter time it was like the bear awakening after his long winter nap, roaring and tumbling on its mad way to the sea, only to be swallowed up by the vast ocean and become part of the mighty current that sweeps along the western coast of America. The home was built of adobe and was a one-story building. In front ran a broad veranda, one end of which was inclosed and used as a storeroom. To the back of the house were several smaller buildings, which were used by the servants. Back of these stretched a large vineyard; between the rows of vines ran water which appeared on a moonlight night like so many ribbons of silver. To the side of the house stretched waving fields of corn and wheat, the bright green of the corn contrasting greatly with the golden yellow of the wheat.

The Dona herself was a small lively person of about forty-five, who never tried to see anything but the bright side of life. She had two children, Michael and Marie, whom she had taught to look at life in the same manner. Michael was named after his father, who was killed a few years before in defense of his country.

* * * * * * * * *

Across the low rolling hill wound a long white streak. It looked like a large snake crawling over the top of one hill, then lost to view in the valley, coming to sight again on the top of the next hill. On closer inspection we find it is a wagon train that is making its way across the plains to California. Near the front of the train was a large wagon, on the seat of which sat two men, one about forty and the other about twenty years of age. The elder was a typical Irishman, named Thomas McNeer, and the younger one was George Gray. They had met each other in St. Louis and each, having a little

money, had started out together for California, where they were going to start a stock ranch. Most of the train were going to Sacramento, where the gold craze was centered. Therefore as soon as the train reached California these two men separated from it and made their way southward, looking for a place where they could buy land. At last they reached Willow creek, where they decided to buy land. After spending a few days inquiring about the owner they started for the home of the Dona.

* * * * * * * * *

One hot afternoon Michael was sitting on the veranda when he noticed two horsemen coming toward the house. He was sure they were strangers by their dress. When they reached the house, the younger addressed him in Spanish, asking if they could see the owner of the ranch. Michael called his mother, and she came to talk with them. George told her of their trip to California and how they had been looking at land on which they could start a stock ranch, and how they had liked no place like the land around Willow Creek, so they had come to see if she would care to sell any of the ranch. The Dona said she had not thought of selling, but if they would come again during the week she would give them a definite answer. Just then Marie came running around the house, chasing her pet dog, which had run away with her hat. As the dog ran by, George caught the hat and handed it to Marie. They stayed talking about the land for a while; then the men said they must start on their way, as they did not know the road very well. Michael offered to go part of the way with them, and went to get his horse ready. He returned in a few minutes, and then they started on their way to camp. Michael had become interested in the large cities that George told him about, so he kept him busy answering his questions. George told him how his mother and sister were coming to California as soon as he got a home built. They were by this time in sight of the camp and Michael now turned back, after making them promise to come up to the house in a few days. As soon as he was out of hearing, George said:

"Say, Tom; wasn't she a peach?"

"Yes," said Tom, "she is the nicest animal I ever saw on four legs."

"Say, Tom; quit your fooling. You know I *meant* the girl and not the horse. Gee, but isn't she a daisy!"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Tom, "you ought to see the girl I had in Ireland."

George thought a moment, then said: "Say, Tom; isn't she yours yet?"

"No, but she would have been if she had accepted me," said Tom.

"Why, Tom; did you propose?"

"Yes, and I got left, too."

"Why, maybe you didn't word it right, Tom. You know they want something new."

"Oh, I had something new, all right. I thought it all out beforehand and had it all learned by heart. But it didn't work."

"How did you have it? In poetry?"

"You bet I did. Now you just listen. I'll tell it to you just as I told it to her. Says I:

"'Sweet Molly O'Grady
You've got me near crazy,
I am not happy, dear,
Unless you are near,
Come, let's get married, my daisy.'"

"Fine!" said Tom. "I don't see how she could refuse."

"Oh, she did that easy. Just like this. Says she:

"'Now, look here, Thomas McNeer,
How dare you call me your dear!
I'll get married, you see,
But never to ye,
Say, beat it, you're not wanted here.'"

It was several minutes before George got over his laughing. Then he said: "You did have it kind of strong, Tom. But, oh, didn't she hand it back to you, though!" here he burst out laughing again. When he recovered his second spell he asked: "Say, Tom; did you ever hear anything of her since?"

"No," said Tom, "I wrote to her not long ago, but I hardly expect an answer."

They had now reached camp, and Tom started to care for the horses while George prepared supper.

The next day they selected the piece of ground they wished to buy and, after staking it out, set off for a short trip up the creek. They had traveled about five miles when, on rounding a bend, they came upon a camp.

"Wonder who they can be? I am sure I've seen that outfit before," said Tom.

"Say, George, isn't that Bill Nevans over there by the horses?"

"That's him, all right, but what can he be doing here? He certainly means to stay, by the look of things."

As yet they had not been observed, but as they approached the camp everybody in the camp turned out to see them.

"Hello, boys," cried Bill, as they entered the camp. "You didn't expect to see me here, did you? Didn't expect to come myself until some people advised me to come here for my health."

(The truth of this was that he had been caught in a few crooked games in the north and he had been driven out.)

"What do you mean to do?" asked George, "expect to buy land?"

"Buy nothing," said Bill, "not when you can take it."

"But you can't take any of this land," said George, "it is all owned by a Spanish family."

"Belongs to them no more than it belongs to me. How are they going to

prove it's theirs? I'll like to see them put me off. There is another crowd coming in a few days and I guess we'll manage to stay."

The next day they went to see the Dona and told her about the camps and what the men meant to do. The Dona was not at all surprised, saying she had expected such a move for some time and had prepared for it; that she would have them put off in about a week. Then she asked about the piece of land, saying they could choose wherever they liked. George told her they had already selected the place and were willing to pay for it at any time. He then asked if he could go ahead and build, as he wanted to bring his family out from the East. The Dona gave them permission to do as they pleased on the ground they had selected.

Three months later they had completed two houses, and were busy getting ready for George's trip after his family. The night before he left he went to see Marie, for they had become the best of friends in the short time of their acquaintance. The next day when he left he carried with him a promise. The last thing Tom told him to do was to see if there was any mail at St. Louis for him.

It was late spring when George started on his trip, and it was two months before he reached St. Louis. On his arrival there he started to get together all the stuff to take back, because he wished to start back in about two weeks, but it was the last of July before they were able to start on their journey. They reached their home about the middle of September, to find it greatly improved, for Tom had not spent his days in idleness, but had planted corn, built fences and many other things that make a place look like home. As they reached the house, Tom came up from the field to greet them. After everything was somewhat settled, George went over to see Marie, taking her back to see his mother, to whom he introduced her as his future wife. When Tom saw him approaching with her, he cried: 'Come here, you young scoundrel, Where is me mail? Have ye no thought of any one but yourself? And me poor heart wearing itself away for a word from my darlint."

Tom dived into the house and returned in a minute with a letter.

"Hurrah," cried Tom, as he read it, "Mollie's coming, Mollie's coming." With this he ran out after his horse.

"Where are you going?" cried Tom.

"After her!" came the reply, and with this he galloped down the road toward San Diego.

George and Marie were married three weeks later at the Mission San Juan.

Tom soon returned with his "little darlint," as he called her, but she proved large enough to keep him in wholesome submission.

The fight which the Dona had with the squatters for her property and home will have to be left for a future issue of this paper.

Voyage Accounts of Frank Cliff

(The following extracts are taken from the letters of Frank Cliff, a former president of the Student Body and editor of the Wilmerding Life. He is accompanying the Columbia Park Boys in their visits to the clubs, both social and athletic, of Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, China, Japan and the Philippines.)

Tahiti.

At last the first stage of our trip is over. We arrived off Tahiti early this morning, about 3 a. m. This has certainly been a most glorious trip and an experience which will be a land-mark for all of us. On the fourth day out we crossed the Tropic of Cancer and entered the Torrid Zone. Right here is where we received a big surprise. The Torrid Zone was the pleasantest place imaginable and not so very warm. It grew hotter, however, the farther south we went, and two days later we passed directly under the sun. We had the day before observed our first flying fish. I was leaning over the rail looking at the water when I saw a bird flash past and apparently disappear in the water, for it failed to come to the top. By this time another one had slipped out of the water right near where I was standing, and I was able to get a fine view of it. About the size of a trout, they are of various colors, some green, some reddish and others brown, with wings similar to a butterfly. One night one flew through the porthole and almost hit a man on the head. They will always fly for a light and this fact is used by the natives in catching them. The natives eat a great deal of their fish raw.

The climate here is queer. One minute the sun will be shining bright and clear and the next minute we will run into a heavy rainstorm, which will, in its turn, clear off. In the morning can be seen the most beautiful of sunrises, and in the evening the grandest of sunsets, for on the edge of the horizon can very nearly always be seen a bank of clouds. At night we no longer are able to pick out the "dipper," but in its place is the "Southern Cross." This is a group of five stars something like this diagram:

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When the Mariposa comes in a brief holiday is given and everybody comes to the dock. And such an array of costumes! The women are all dressed in a kind of Mother Hubbard with all sorts of bright colors. The men are dressed, some in undershirts and pants, and some only in pants. The kids run around any old way and consider themselves lucky to own clothes. Clothes are useless to them, anyway, as they spend most of their

time in the water. Everybody smokes—men, women and children—and everybody goes barefooted.

On landing we formed for parade and marched to the French Governor's and then to the Mayor's place, with the whole crowd with us. They pushed in front of us and around us, and were a general nuisance. Ryan with the high hat (a drum major's) was the favorite.

At night we gave our show and I collected tickets at the door. I had every bit as much fun as the audience. You would see a woman come in all dressed up fine in a nice white wrapper, such as they wear here, and a wreath of flowers, but she would be barefooted. Sitting down she would proceed to light a cigarette and smoke. Dogs also came in, and when the excitement was at its highest they would join in by barking. The funniest thing I saw in the parade was the two French police. They had on blue caps, white coats with stripes on them, and white pants—but they were barefooted!—and walked along ahead, out of step, and cleared the natives from our way.

We have attended a hula dance, performed by the native girls. It was very interesting. The orchestra consisted of a large pan and a curved board, but the musicians managed to get a rude music that was rather pleasing. The dance itself is almost all body movements with just a few of foot, and even the fingers are made to go.

The next day we attended a native breakfast; this was the most interesting part of our visit. It was held in a native bamboo house. Large leaves were on the floor. As there were no chairs we all crossed our legs and sat down before a bowl and a leaf. The first course we had was raw fish. This sounds awful, but it tasted fine. It was dipped in a sauce of cocoanut milk in which shrimps had been soaked. Everything we ate was dipped in this. There being no forks we ate with our fingers. After the fish there came roast suckling pig. This was cooked by being wrapped in banana leaves and put among hot rocks and covered with more green leaves. It was fine! With it we had taro leaf greens. This is the universal greens in the islands and tastes like spinach. Then we had the native plantain—the faye. It is like a large banana and tastes something like a sweet potato, only better.

Sydney, Australia.

The entrance to this bay is something like Golden Gate, only the bluffs are not so high and the entrance breaks right through a solid straight wall of sandstone. The Sports' Club of the city is to entertain us while here. This club holds about the same place as the Olympic Club in San Francisco. The people are making great preparations for receiving us. The Governor is to give us a speech of welcome and her ladyship is to present us with a New South Wales flag. We have a baseball game on schedule, and also a football game. We leave for Newcastle, the coal town, on the 11th of July, and then we go to Melbourne for a month. I suppose picnics and celebrations of all kinds will be in full swing from now on.

Melbourne, Australia.

Melbourne is a very pretty place with fine broad streets and good substantial looking buildings. It is a very clean looking city and the streets are laid out on the checker-board plan and are each a mile long. At the end of the mile the street swings off and receives a different name. Most of the streets are as broad as Market street, and some are a good deal wider. Some have trees and lawns down the center, like Dolores street.

A queer thing about the people here is in regard to their Sundays. Everything is closed and in the morning even the street cars do not run. When they found out San Francisco theaters kept open on Sundays and even put on matinees they were quite shocked.

Confession of a Dying Chemist

G. Noble.

Charles Dixon was dying and having a confession to make regarding a great mystery, urgently requested to have his friend, Wheeler, called to his bedside. A telegram was sent to the city, addressed to Wheeler, stating that he should come immediately to Dixon's villa, where Dixon was dying.

Arriving that evening at the suburban home of his friend, Wheeler was immediately ushered to the chamber of his dying friend. The servant was dismissed, and Dixon, turning to Wheeler, said:

"Harry, my time has come, though I am only thirty. It is probably a punishment that I fully deserve, given me by that stern and just Ruler above. The confession that I am about to make to you is one that will clear a mystery that has made the police and citizens of this part of the State ponder for the last seven years. It concerns the death of our chum, Harry Jameson.

"You clearly remember the evening Harry disappeared from this house, and was found at dawn, twenty miles from here, in Abbot's Gulch. No one ever knew how he could possibly have gotten there. The windows and doors were found to be locked, the same as they had been before he disappeared. They claimed that he was kidnaped, because when they found him he was only clad in his pajamas. Then the mystery grew deeper still when they considered the fact that every avenue of escape was found locked from the inside. I was the only one who knew how it came about and I can tell you, Harry, that I had a hard time carrying out my part. It was a hard struggle, but I managed to stick it out till the matter blew over.

"I'll tell you how it all came about. He was paying too much attention to Betty, whom I loved, and I was afraid that he was going to beat me out of the game. I then thought out a plan of how I could get rid of him without getting tangled in the affair myself. He was staying at our house that night, and as I had everything ready to make way with him, I thought that this would be the very time.

"You know that it was always his custom to read in bed at night, so I

sneaked into his room before he retired and slipped a note into the book where the page was turned down—the place where he stopped off. I knew that he would be sure to find it there.

"I had written in the note that I would like to have him come up into the attic, where my laboratory was located. I knew that he would come, for he was interested in some of my experiments. He finally came, and I showed him some different solutions. Then I told him to smell what I had in the bottle. I had some gas under pressure in the bottle, and when he got some of it in his lungs he fell in a heap. My chance had come. I tied a rope around his breast, passing it under his arms, and tied him to a small captive balloon I had bought for the purpose. I then put a few drops of acid on the rope. I had experimented with the acid and rope, and found that it would take three hours for the acid to rot the rope enough so that his weight would part it. With everything in readiness, I opened the skylight in the roof and released the balloon. He shot out of the attic to a height of about fifty feet, and drifted to the north rapidly, under the guidance of the south wind. In time the acid did its work. He was found in the gulch and the balloon, of course, sailed off with the rope, leaving nothing to show how he could have come there.

"Now you have the whole story. I am not going to last much longer, but it relieves me of a great burden.

"For God's sake, Harry, don't tell Betty, my wife, that it was I who murdered him for the sake of making her my wife. It would break her heart."

Wheeler could not speak; he was too dumfounded to even think. He went outside to get a breath of the fresh evening air. Of a sudden there was a loud shriek, and Wheeler, rushing into the house, found Betty lying on the floor in a faint and Dixon on the bed, dead.

Trapped

Lester C. Stoll, '11.

On a little farm in Au Sable Valley, one hot summer day, two men could be seen tramping along a dusty road to Si Biggs' farm.

The two strangers approached the house and rapped on the door. The door was quickly opened by Si himself, who was rather surprised at seeing strangers in this part of the valley.

"Mr. Biggs, I believe. My name is Walton and this is my partner, Mr. Dale. I am very glad to find you at home."

"Glad to see ye, strangers; won't you come in?" replied Si, shaking hands.

"Yes, we will, as we have some business to talk over with you."

"Mr. Biggs, my partner, Mr. Dale, and myself are representatives of the incorporated Au Sable Valley Railroad," said Walton, as the three sat down in the parlor.

"What's that ye said about a railroad in this here valley? I reckon you fellers are kind of off there. I've lived in this valley nigh onto twenty-five years and I ain't seen any railroad," replied Si, leaning back in his chair.

"Er—excuse me, Mr. Biggs," said the stranger, "I didn't mean that there was a railroad in this valley; I meant the one we intend to build."

"Wall, if I ever!" exclaimed the mystified farmer. "What you fellers trying to get at, anyway?"

"You own this farm, don't you?" asked Mr. Walton.

"Wall, I just reckon I do," replied Si, rather indignantly.

"You see, Mr. Biggs, Mr. Dale and myself are interested in a corporation, backed by the great financier, Mr. Wells of New York State. Now we want to buy up the right of way to build our railroad through, which will, on account of the river, pass directly through your farm. You see," as he produced a well drawn plan and pointed out the direction in which it was to run—"you see, don't you, what a big advantage it will be to you and your neighbors? Now, if you will take ten thousand dollars in shares, we will pay you twenty thousand dollars in cash in thirty days. How do you like that?" he asked, as he finished speaking.

"Just a moment, Mr. Biggs; I forgot to state further, that if you sell us this land, and as this is as far as we can go, we will have to build our shops here. As you said that you owned all this land along here, we will have to buy you out. Now, with the prospect of selling all your land to us, I assure you a good price, and will make you a shareholder, you may consider yourself a rich man."

Si Biggs was not a poor man, but this offer seemed too good to let slip by. He was so taken up with the idea that he agreed to sell.

"Mr. Biggs, as we are not allowed to close the deal without first consulting our company, we will have to ask you to come to our office in New York Monday, to-morrow being the Sabbath. You will of course have to draw the money for the stock to-day as you will not have time Monday, as we will leave here as early as possible so as to put the deal before the company, which meets in the afternoon at 3 o'clock."

After the men had left Si still sat in a thoughtful mood until his wife reminded him two or three times that supper was ready. Si explained to his wife the proposition that the strangers had offered, as he was eating his supper. "Marthy," he said, "you will have to pack my bag as I may not be back for a few days."

Next Monday afternoon Si alighted from the train after a long ride by wagon and the rest by rail, at the Grand Central Station in New York.

"Ah! I see you have kept the appointment, Mr. Biggs," said Mr. Walton, coming forward and shaking hands. "Come this way, as we have a carriage waiting for us."

A drive of half an hour brought them uptown, where they halted in front of a three-story building.

The three men alighted and were about to enter when some one tapped

Si on the shoulder. Si turned and recognized a man who had boarded with him one summer down on the farm.

"A word with you, Mr. Biggs," said the would-be stranger.

Si had the opportunity to speak to him without being observed by his two friends, who were a little in advance. What passed between them was soon shown by actions. The man blew three sharp blasts upon a small whistle. "Grab those men," he said to three uniformed men who seemed to have sprung up out of the ground.

No sooner said than done; the officers grabbed the two city fellows.

"Mr. Biggs," the detective said, "you had a very narrow escape from being done out of ten thousand dollars by the two slickest confidence men in New York State."

Si thanked his friend and immediately returned to the station, and in due time reached home, congratulating himself upon his lucky escape.

Si merely explained to his wife that the city fellows had decided not to buy, but he had learned his lesson.

My Flight Across San Francisco Bay

Steiner E. Erlanger, '12.

I arose at 7:22 this (Saturday) morning, and finding the weather conditions favorable, I went to my wireless station. I picked up my receivers and soon learned that "the air was busy." I waited a while, and then aerogramed "G O," the call letter of the U. S. S. Preble, which had generously been placed at my disposal by Uncle Sam. When they answered, I sent out the following message:

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I next went to my aerodrome and brought out my biplane. It was 42 feet long, weighed 532½ lbs., and was equipped with a Gnome revolving, self-cooling 50 h. p. motor, weighing 125 lbs., or less than 3 lbs. to the horsepower, and is the same as is employed by Banan-barilla. I then took my seat in the aeroplane, and started on my flight. My two propellors were going at their utmost speed, 1,350 revolutions per minute. My ascension rudder was at its greatest angle, in order that I might rise quickly to a great height over the bay.

In a few minutes I had overtaken the torpedo-boat destroyer. When I was above Yerba Buena Island I dropped a message saying:

"All O. K. Flying at a height of 400 meters, a new world's record. Speed, 75 kilometers per hour."

Soon I got into a dense fog. What a sensation it is to be in the unnavigated region, guided without a compass, and the roar of the waves underneath laughing at you. Still I flew. My hands and feet rested lightly on the levers. I could see nothing, neither the torpedo-boat nor San Francisco, nor Alameda. In the short space of a minute I soon sighted Alameda, and found I was flying due south. I pushed a lever with my foot, and moved my vertical rudder, which was of the Herring-Curtiss type, and turned my machine to the southeast. Now I changed the speed of my engine to 1,040 revolutions, as there was no need of running my engine at its limit.

I still flew, chopping across the harbor. I was confident that I could continue for two hours, as my supply of 60 liters of essence would last until then.

Soon I started to descend, slowly, turning a half circle as I found myself directly over Bay Farm Island. I attempted a landing but the wind caught me, and whirled me around two or three times. At once I stopped my motor, and instantly fell towards the ground. In two or three seconds I was safe upon land.

A few friends rushed around me, and lifted me out, as my feet pained me terribly from "boiling air," which I experienced above Goat Island. I was exceedingly glad that my flight was ended, as I won the "S. F. Chronicle" prize of $20,000.

Would I do it again? I think not. I have promised my wife that after a race in which I am now entered, I will fly no more.

Mexico

H. R. Hopps.

The steamship Newport sailed for the ports of Mexico and Central America on the 10th of September, 1905, my destination being Mazatlan.

The trip was exceedingly fine until we got into the storms off the coast of Lower California, where the wind, rain, thunder and lightning came in abundance.

After reaching the warm belt we found that the water was on an average of 90°. The natives in the Bay of Mazatlan swim and dive for coins, thinking it great sport.

As we reached sight of the town of Mazatlan the boat suddenly stopped. We didn't know what this was for, but we were not long in finding out. It seems that the harbor is not deep enough for sea-going vessels to enter, so the boats anchor outside while the freight and passengers are transferred to the shore on lighters.

After passing the custom's officers we registered at the Hotel Central, conducted by an elderly half-breed named F. Quevido.

We made ourselves acquainted with our new quarters and then set

out to see the town. In the first place the town is very ancient and quaint. The streets are cleaned by great vultures who swarm in flocks when any garbage is around. We noticed many stores and a large cathedral. On the bay there stands a splendid lighthouse, 350 feet above the sea. There is a presidio and a breakwater near, which serves as a long promenade. The steam dummies and horse cars the people of large cities would laugh at, but these people think they are right up to date.

Now about the inhabitants; they are mostly half-breeds. The men wear large sombreros and tight-fitting pants, or none at all. The women never wear hats, but wear gaudy colored dresses. The children run around with nothing on at all. It seemed very immodest to us, but we soon got used to it.

It happened that when we landed a fiesta was being held for three days. Games and races were held on the bay, while music was played in the plaza at night.

The scenery is simply beautiful; palm, cocoanut and banana trees line the streets, while off to the east may be seen the snow-covered tops of the Sierra Madre mountains. We at last decided to take a trip into the interior as we had three months of leisure.

We secured our burros, or donkeys, and rested them up, for a long journey was ahead of them. A stock of provisions had to be bought for there were only a few stopping places on the road.

The mosquitos and bugs kept us jumping all the time. While we were there we experienced a hot electrical storm. Cocoanut trees bent to the ground with the wind, and the rain, thunder and lightning were fierce. One is perspiring all the time; to stop this is to get the fever, which is malaria.

At last the time for departure came, but as the rivers were reported high traveling would be hazardous.

After a month's hard traveling we reached the town of Santa Palonia, at the foot of the Sierras. This is also a very old town. The houses are of adobe with red tile roofs. Running past the town is the San Ignacio river, which is swarming with great yellow crocodiles, of which I will tell an experience later.

The mountains are wild and rugged and abound in deer and game. Snakes and lizards, which are sometimes three feet long and very brightly colored, are often seen.

This town is over 300 years old. The church has no roof at all, the people choosing to build it that way. The town prison is the most picturesque thing I saw in my whole voyage. It is made of one solid boulder hollowed out by hand, with a strong Brazil-wood door.

The water for the use of the town is carried on women's heads.

We still wished to push on further across the Sierras into the State of Durango, but the San Ignacio river was so high that fording was impossible.

Now about this crocodile. He was a big yellow creature, about 12½ feet long. A nearby rancher said that the same crocodile had been there

for over twenty years and no one seemed able to kill him. Two days before our departure, while we were down on the river, we were startled by the bellowing of a cow which was being pulled into the river by the nose. We gave the crocodile a shot from the 30-30, but it only seemed to tickle him; at any rate he let go of the cow, who went bellowing through the village. One of our guides succeeded in getting a lasso over the head and foreleg of the crocodile. We tried to pull him out but found that we were being pulled in ourselves. Then they put the lasso around a sapling, which was the only one available. This finally gave way, with the result that sapling and lasso went with it into the river. He swam out into the middle of the stream about thirty yards from the shore, keeping himself just visible on the surface. He was so tantalizing that we all gave up in despair.

The mail is carried by a courier from the mountains into Mazatlan. He has to swim all of the rivers with his clothes and mail sack on his head. This task is very dangerous in winter, for the swirl of the pools is liable to suck him down to the bottom.

The weather finally cleared and we continued our journey which would bring us to the town of Tomanil, on the Piaxtla river. After about two weeks' traveling we came to this town.

The boys in the village knew but one game; that game is called torro. Two boys place their right shoulders together and try and force the other to give way. So I taught them leapfrog, tag, hide-and-go-seek, and built them a shed which they enjoyed immensely.

After a stay of three days in this village we pressed on across the mountains. These abounded in deer, and venison tasted pretty good after a diet of canned meats. The summits were covered with snow and ice-cold streams wandered here and there among the rocks.

We passed through Guadaloupe, in which there is situated a large silver mine. The miners are the only ones occupying the town, the other inhabitants having fled since the large flood which occurred six years before.

Reaching the State of Durango, we decided that we had better return homeward as our time was nearly up. Nothing of importance happened on the return trip. We arrived two weeks behind time but were glad to get back, a trip of nearly four months being enough in such a wild region.

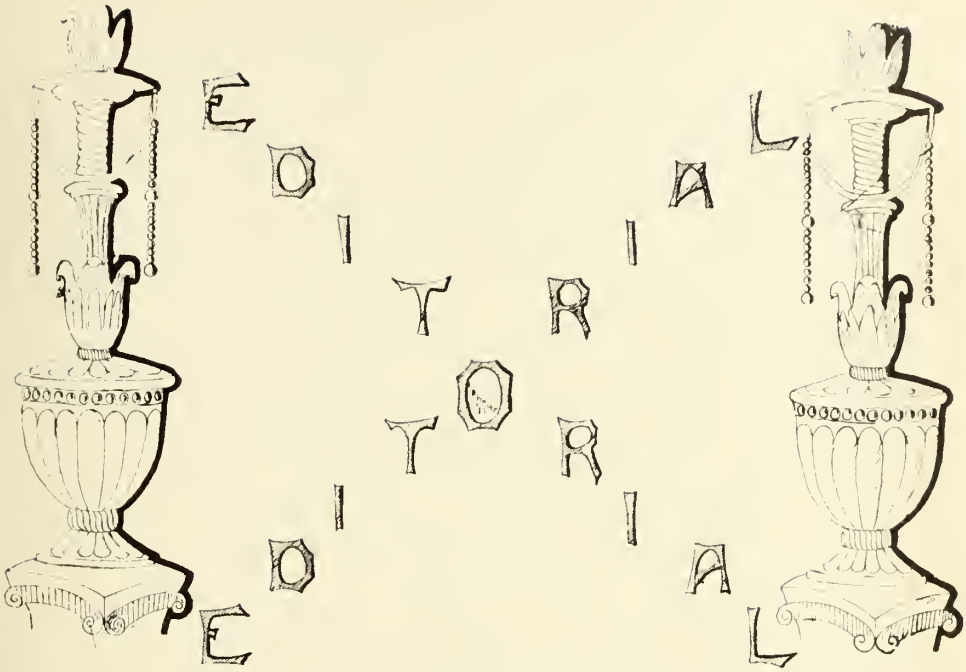
In
Memory of Our Departed
Schoolmates

Hugo G. Berg

Oct. 24, 1889--July 12, 1909

George C. Smith

Jan. 23, 1893--Sept. 20, 1909



EDITORIAL STAFF.

JAMES H. VOLLMAR, '11 ..... Editor-in-Chief
M. D. SCOVEL, '11 ..... Assistant Editor and School Notes
ARTHUR FORDERER, '11 ..... Shop Notes
L. SCHALCK, '10 ..... Athletics
JOHN PIERCE, '11 ..... Exchanges
M. COWAN, '11 ..... Jokes

MANAGEMENT.

ORMAN B. GLADDING, '11 ..... Business Manager
AUGUST SALFIELD, '11 ..... Advertising
RALPH FLOODBERG, '12 ..... Advertising
W. STEPHEN, '12 ..... Assistant

We want to make this year's papers the best that have been published by the students of this school, and in order to do so we, the staff, need your hearty co-operation in writing stories and in getting jokes, and last but indeed not least, in getting ads.

The publishing of a school paper should not be left entirely to one person just because you know that he will do it. The school paper, above all things, should represent the work of the whole school and not of one person. We don't mean to say that the support of the paper has been poor, because the students have helped toward the present standing of the WILMERDING LIFE, but we do believe that if everybody did something, if it were not more than getting an ad, we could publish a paper equal in size and quality to any in the State.

The last few months have witnessed the adoption of the Rugby game of football by quite a few of the leading high schools of the State. While we do not wish at this time to criticize such a move, we believe that our school was wise in adhering to the American game. That there were objections to the American football as formerly played we cannot deny, and there seems to exist a doubt as to whether these objections have been done away with by a revision of the rules. In spite of this, however, it must be conceded that American football was a grand game, and it would be a pity to replace it by an inferior sport. On the other hand, we must admit that Rugby has not yet been seen at its best on this coast, except for an occasional visit by the Australian and New Zealand teams. The first contest between the two universities proved a very poor exhibition. However, there has been improvement with each succeeding year, and it may be that it will soon be developed to a high state of perfection. This year we understand that the University of California has secured the services of an Australian coach thoroughly versed in the fine points of the game, so that rapid strides should be made from now on. The prospects are that we shall very soon be able to make a just comparison between the two games, but until that time we prefer to suspend judgment as to the superiority of either.

It seems not out of place at this time to call attention to the misuse of our school piano. When this gift was requested of the Board of Regents, it was with the understanding that it was to be used as a help to a school orchestra or glee club, and for awhile it was used for this purpose. At the present time, however, the only service it sees is when different students sit down and drum upon it. This seems but a shabby return for the generosity of the Regents, and we would suggest that steps be taken toward the formation of some musical organization within our school which could make good use of this instrument.

In view of the purpose for which this gift was sought, it is really up to us to take some action along this line.

Athletics

FOOTBALL.

The football season for practice is now in full swing, and in a short while the high school teams will be engaged in playing the great American game.

Our teams this year will be composed mostly of new recruits, as the greater number of veterans have left the school. Only four of the old guard are left for Wilmerding as a foundation upon which to build a new team. The Freshman class has contributed its share of the talent.

The team, under Captain Rodolph's efficient coaching, is rounding into form, and by the time the league starts, it will be able to cope with the

best of them. Charlie Roberts was elected manager and is a very popular choice.

Among those trying out for end positions are Mallot, Greninger and Hopkins. Cowen is trying also for the back field. Scovel, Roach and Gibbs are after the tackle jobs. For guards there will be Hayder, Stickle and Palmer. Three men are trying out for center, Drews, Taylor and Skov. "Jimmie" Graham is out for quarterback and shows all the signs of making good.

There is some uncertainty about the filling of fullback's place, and Chamberlain and Mallot have been playing the position. There will be no lack of halfbacks, as Rodolph, Crowe, Roberts, Wright, Foderer and Wilbur are all trying hard for the two places.

The team will play several practice games and then enter upon the field of more serious work.

The football team journeyed to Melrose Saturday, the 18th, and played Fremont High School. The school was beaten but had a fine time after the game, being given a dinner and a dance.

TRACK.

The track season is now coming on and the different teams about the bay are commencing light training. Already several fellows from school have been limbering up on the oval preparatory to the meets.

Sam Walfisch was elected captain and is a very enthusiastic track man. He is just the one to stir up things and organize a good team. R. C. Wright has the office of manager and is already signing up a number of men for the coming season.

The Cross Country team with Munk as captain and Wright as manager, promises to do great things this year. Massed, "Jimmie" Flood and Gladding comprise the rest of the team. The majority of the track team line up as follows: Walfisch, in the hurdles and shotput; Wright, in the high jump and both hurdles; Flood, in the half-mile; Munk in the half and the mile; Mallot and Graham in the sprints; Borroughs in the pole vault. There are others who have not yet been out on the track.

SWIMMING.

Chances for a good swimming team are very bright this year. Greater interest is being taken in swimming than heretofore, and a good team will surely be had. Captain Salfield has his team in practice every Wednesday afternoon and a good number always show up.

Among the old team are Skov, in the 100-yard dash and relay; Walfisch, in the relay; Mallot, in the 100-yards and relay; Cowan, in the 100, 880 and relay, and Salfield, in the 100, 220 and 440-yards dashes.

Of the new boys who are showing up well are Radamacher, Braur and Bolderman. The team is in good trim for the Bay Counties and Academic meets.

BASKETBALL.

The basketball team of last year concluded a very successful season and this year promises to do the same. With Palmer, Fox, Wendering, Skov and other good players, the team ought certainly to make a good showing. Jack Palmer was elected captain and is very capable of holding the position.

The fellows are keeping in practice all the time, as they may be called upon any time to play Oakland High School. At any rate they do well to keep in trim and we hope to repeat our last year's feat.

BASEBALL.

The last year's team made a creditable showing, but only three of that team are left, Ruegg, Hennesey and Prosek. Bennison was elected captain and will doubtless return to school to build up a good team. With these four players, all good hitters, a working team should be developed.

The '10 class of this school won the interclass baseball championship of the year 1909. The team was defeated only once by the '09 class. The '10 class team was victorious over the '11 and '12 classes, and they defeated '09. This is the first time in four years that a team from any class but '08 has won the interclass series.

The line-up of the '10 class team is as follows: Pitchers, Prosek and Fisher; catchers, Lisk and Halling; first base, Roberts; second base, Tuggey; third base, Fisher; shortstop, Greninger and Schalck; left field, Halling; right field, Smith and Whelin; center field, Morgan.

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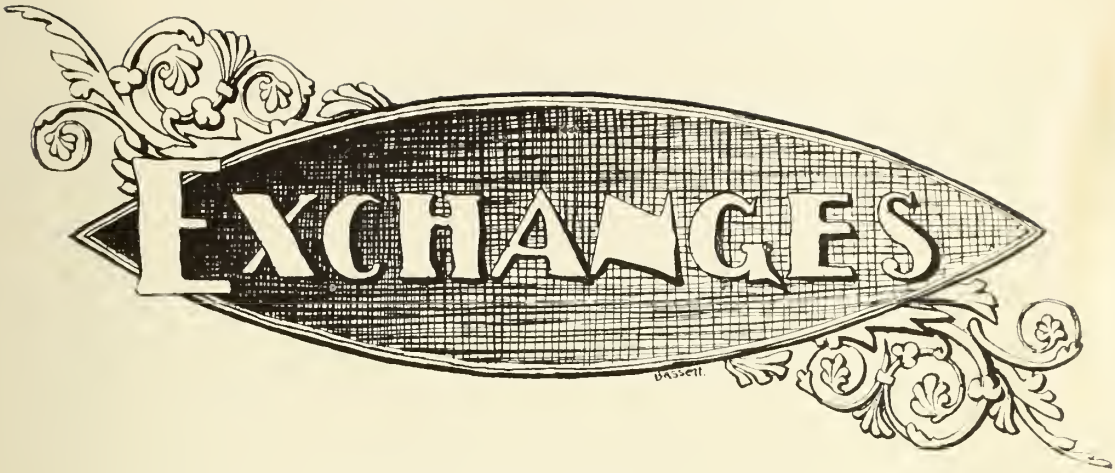


"The Target"—You have some good stories. The story of "How Mammy Sarrah Was Warned" is an excellent story. The cuts are very artistic.

"Manzanita"—Your paper would look better if you had a separate page for the contents.

"The Aegis"—Your June edition lacks an index, an exchange and editorials. If your paper were arranged in some order, it would look much better because the material is good.

"The Oracle"—Your commencement number is a splendid paper. All your departments are well written and are not lacking in material. Your exchange column is large and looks as if much time were put on it.

"Commercial"—Is an excellent paper. In "A Romance of Old Madrid," one's interest is held to the conclusion.

"El Gabilan"—The cover design of the May number is neat and attractive.

"Tattler"—Your exchange department could be improved by criticising the papers you exchange with. The other departments are very good for a monthly paper.

"Comus"—The commencement number has a pleasing cover. "The Man Beethoven" is well written, and the stories, "Marjory" and "A Brother's Mystery" are worthy of praise.

"The Skirmisher"—We are glad to have you on our exchange list.

"The Mission"—Your June edition comes up to the highest standard of high-school papers.

One of the students' best friends is Mr. Werson. He is an honest, straightforward and generous man, always ready to do things on the square and help you out whenever it is possible for him to do so.

If it is possible to get along with anyone it is with Mr. Werson, for as long as you treat him right he will always do the same thing by you.

Just as sure as Wednesday afternoon comes each week a watermelon feed comes every year. He never forgets the boys because he likes them, and he is always ready to participate in some joke. Many thanks to Mr. Werson for the generous ways in which he has tendered us the watermelon feeds, and he will long be remembered as the watermelon man. The picture shows the recent feed in August—the looks on their faces speak for themselves.

Shop Notes

The boys in all the shops are hard at work again after the pleasant summer vacation. In the architects' room there are to be seen lots of hard workers, all doing their work in earnestness. Fox is on his Class A building now and Grinsell, Campbell and Wright are working hard on their Class C buildings. Working on shades and shadows we see quite a bunch of the '10 class boys and also '11. But most of the '11 and '12 class boys are on their orders and plates, while the Freshmen are digging away on the sheets.

CARPENTER SHOP.

One going into the carpenter shop would think by the number of boys there that it was the shop with the least apprentices, but in fact it is one of the largest shops in the school. Most of the boys are working hard down at the new building putting up the second story of the building, and Mr. Grant seems to be very well pleased with his workmen. The shop is not entirely deserted, as there are a few of the advanced pupils working hard at their labor. Vollmar has just finished a dandy oak table and is now working on a cedar chest. Bettincourt is making some oak chairs for Mr. Grant, while Munger has just finished his tool chest. Forderer has finished his infant's wardrobe and is now working on a cedar chest that is to have a copper binding.

CABINET SHOP.

The boys under Mr. Maybeck are very busy as usual, as everybody down there has something to do all the time. Wendering, the father of the shop, is working on a table for U. C. and is showing "class" as a cabinet maker. The Toepke brothers are working hard on a magazine rack, and Gibbs and Hennings have finished a large table for the Lick School. Zecher is making a cabinet for one of the teachers and Uhte has finished one of the best tabourets ever made in this shop.

ELECTRICAL SHOP.

In this shop the fellows are at work on all kinds of jobs. Flamm is working on an arch and Kammeyer and R. Muller are wiring down at Lick. Fillmore and Cowan are at bell wiring, W. Muller and Gladding are making spark coils, and Rudolph and Dobbas are wiring a frame building in the shop, while Bender is repairing an armature.

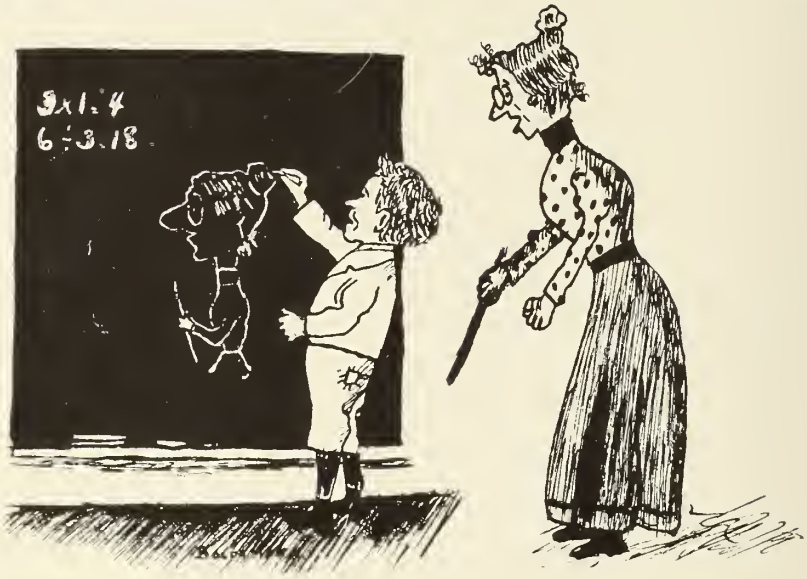
PLUMBING SHOP.

In the plumbing shop the freshmen are taking notes, wiping joints, etc. The advanced plumbers are taking out the old fire burners and putting in new ones that will be worked by a spark, which the electricians are going to supply. Grenninger and Enright are at work on calking joints, while Walfish and Hennesy are working around the building.

BRICKLAYING SHOP.

Last but not least is the brick shop. Mr. Werson, with almost all Freshmen, is working just as hard as ever on the new building, and to see the carpenters and bricklayers all working at once makes a good showing of what the boys who go to the Wilmerding School can do and do do.

SCHOOL NOTES



An election committee, composed of Flamm, Landorf, Forderer, Lenzen and Graham, was appointed by President Franz in a Student Body meeting held June 2, 1909. The following received Block W's: Flood, Gebhard, Salfield, Palmer and Stadtfeld. Chairman Zecher made a report on medals. Skov spoke on coming football season. Vollmar spoke on the "Life." Mr. Wood made some announcements and the meeting adjourned.

The results of the election are as follows: President, Skov; Vice-President, Bently; Secretary, Drews; Treasurer, Miss Anderson; "Life" Editor, Vollmar; Business Manager, Gladding; Yell Leader, Bennison; Advisory Board, Miss Edwards and Mr. Christensen; S. F. A. L. Delegate, Mr. Christensen; B. C. A. L. Delegate, Mallott; Grounds and Property Committee, Skov, Graham and Salfield.

A Board of Control meeting was held June 9, 1909, with Bently acting chairman. A motion was made that $17.10 be voted Vollmar for paper expenses, subject to approval of Student Body. The motion was carried. Bennison's resignation as Yell Leader was accepted and Rouda was appointed in his place. A motion was carried that presidency be held open until Fox could be head from.

A Student Body meeting was held June 9, 1909. Vollmar was voted $17.10 for paper expenses. Miss Anderson made a report on the treasury. Franz and Vollmar were presented their medals. The band played some good selections and the meeting adjourned.

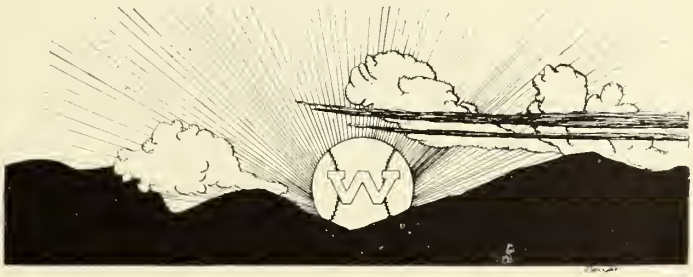
The first meeting held this term was a Board of Control meeting, held September 1, 1909, with Drews acting chairman. Skov was unanimously elected Vice-President and took the chair. Fox accepted Presidency of the Student Body. The football team was voted $5.00 for a football.

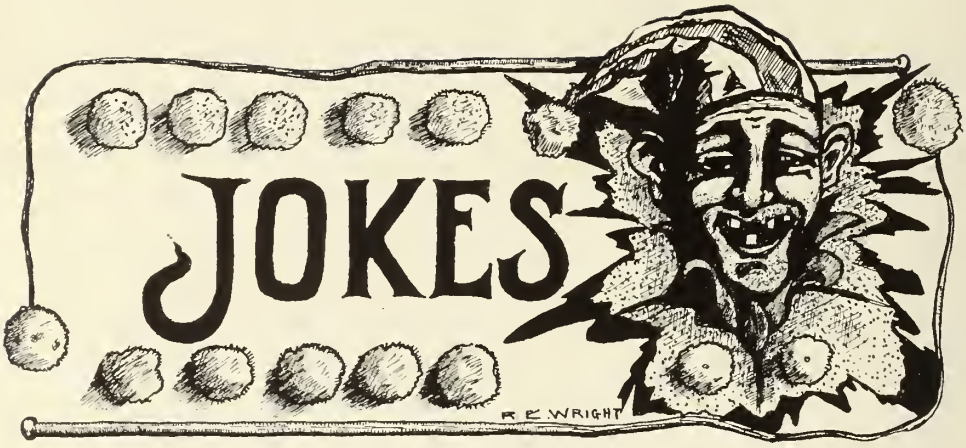
At the meeting held September 7, 1909, by the Board of Control, $23.00 was recommended to the Student Body for football suits.

The first Student Body meeting this term was held September 8, 1909. The Board of Control's recommendation of $23.00 for football suits was carried. Miss Anderson made a report on the treasury and asked that two fellows from each class volunteer to collect dues from their class as was done last term. The meeting was then adjourned.

A Student Body meeting was called May 19, 1909. A motion was made and carried that Grinsell should receive $8.90 to pay printing bill. Block W's were voted Stadtfeld, Skov, Fox, Palmer, Salfield, Flood, Gebhard, Batkin, A. Stadtfeld and Berg. Vollmar and Franz were voted medals for a year's good work on the paper. After a motion was carried that "Letter Day" be postponed a week, the meeting adjourned.

A Student Body meeting was held May 26, 1909, for purpose of nominating the officers of Student Body for ensuing term. Nominees for President were Zecker, Fox and Skov. Those nominated for Vice-President were Scovel, Murray, Bently and Myers. Crowe, Wright and Drews were nominated for the office of Secretary. Bennison and Rouda were nominated for Yell Leader. Vollmar and Coryn were nominated for Editor of the "Life." Gladding was unanimously elected Business Manager. Advisory Board nominees were Miss Edwards and Mr. Christensen. Skov, Graham, Salfield and Rodolph were nominated for Ground and Property Committee. For the S. F. A. L. delegate, Musselman and Mr. Christensen were nominated. Lenzen and Mallott were nominated for B. C. A. L. delegate. The meeting adjourned at 1:27.





Student (in Chemistry Laboratory)—By mixing some of this $HgSO^4$ and a little dilute of sulphuric acid, the boys are making gold out of sulphur.

Young visitors—That seems strong.

$50—REWARD—$50.

Fifty dollars reward will be paid for the person finding the joke in the following lines:

Bolderman—Pretty good of Cook to find the North Pole.

Munger—Guess I'll go find the south.

Miss Bell (to student in freehand)—Draw a line that you can't see.

Fox—I was playing pool last night and won every game but one.

Drewes—How many did you play?

Fox—I don't quite remember, but I think it was two.

Ruegg to Scoval—If you had to die, which way would you choose?

Scoval—I would rather die by drowning.

Ruegg—Why?

Scoval—Because I know how to swim.

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"The Call of the Wild".....Class of '13
"The Man Without a Country".....Walfish
"Behind the Line".....Rodolph
"My Airships".....Bennet
"Alice, for Short".....Miss Crowe
"They Say She Went to College".....Miss Anderson

Senior (to Freshies)—Do you know the difference between alternating and direct currents?

Freshie—Sure: direct wires run north and south, and alternating current wires run east and west.

If Cook took the North Pole with him, how could Peary have found it?

Aiton—Lend me a quarter, will you, Charley?
Charley—Go to your friend Ames; he knows you better than I do.
Aiton—Yes! That's the trouble; he knows me too well.

Boy (to Ruegg in El. shop)—Say, Joe! If you were walking along a street and you came in contact with a live one, what would you do?
Joe (thinking of a live wire)—Why, I would try to turn off the current.
Boy—Oh! I wouldn't do that. I'd try to get hold of the currency.

Freshman—Here comes a belle.
Soph.—Yes! Here comes Bell of the Arts.

Roach (to Mr. Dodge)—How many ohms does it take to make an ampere?

Friday afternoon. Miss Bell (to Frank)—Have your wash ready for Monday.
Frank—Are we going to iron Tuesday?

Mr. Werson (telling a Southern story)—And they gave him the blacksnake.
Kluver—Did it bite him?

Senior—Are you trying out for the football team?
Freshie—Yes.
Senior—Then give me that cornucopia.

Johnny was looking at a book one day which had a picture in it of a cow chasing a small boy. He looked at it a long time, then closed the book. A few days after he opened the book again at the same place. Bringing his small fist down on the cow he exclaimed, in a tone of triumph: "She ain't caught him yet."

We wish to announce that there will be singing, and Loftus will play the piano for the entertainment of the fellows in the "math" room. The following is the programme for next week—a few songs entitled:

"The Holy City".....Walfish
"Miss Patricia Salome".....Salome Wright
A poem, "Fear Me Not!".....Munger

The Wilmerding orchestra will give the selection, "Please Take Me Home," and then we shall disburse.

Mr. Christenson (hitting the tuning-fork at high C) said—What sound is that?
Student (in back of room)—Icy.

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Soph—Say, kid, what are you going to do when the football season comes?

Freshie—Why, I'm going out as captain of the water carriers' because I want to earn my "Block W."

Nichols (to Mr. Dodge)—I would like to get an ohm.

Mr. Dodge—Who sent you in here for it?

Nichols—A boy in the Plumbing Shop.

Mr. Dodge—You tell that boy I am looking for it and to come and help me find it.

Wanted—A green hat with three black stripes running across the top, and it must fit Greniger.

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